Mr. Henry Watterson of Kentucky was In Washington a few days ago, and his presence is responsible for a story which has just started the rounds. It has gone no further than Washington up to this time, but it is a safe wager, at long odds, that it will appear in Kentucky soon. Mr. Watterson will probably find it awaiting him when he returns, for it is the kind of a story that will be appreciated by Kentuckians and by any one who knows Mr.

Watterson and his proclivities. It was in a restaurant. A well-known congressman was entertaining a "fri'nd from Tammany Hall." Now, this Tammanytte was well posted upon affairs Man-hattan, like the most of his kind, and knew little of the men and things of the incon-sequential remainder of the country lying outside New York, which is like all of his kind. The congressman was pointing out to his friend several notable persons in the restaurant, and the Tammanyite recognized by name some of them, and some he didn't. Just about that time Mr. Watterson entered. There is Henry Watterson," remarked

the congressman.

No gleam of recognition showed upon the face of the Tammanyite.

"He is the great democrat from Kentucky," explained the congressman.

"And he is also the author of that famous expression, 'the star-eyed goddess of "That settles it wid me," said the Tam-manyite; "I'm agin all these reformers, from Parkhurst down."

Fortunately, Mr. Watterson did not hear

the latter remark, and was spared the shock, a shock which his acquaintances ap-preciate, of hearing himself classed with the reformers of Mr. Parkhurst's guild.

* * * * *
"Birds' eggs differ in shape as well as they do in color," said a well-known ornithologist to a Star reporter recently. "For instance, the eggs of the owl family are almost spherical, and are thus easily moved by the parent bird in her desire to secure an equal amount of warmth to each during the time of hatching. As she nests in a hele, there is no fear whatever of any of her clutch rolling away and being smashed. On the other hand, the guillemot, which nests, or rather lays, her eggs on flat, bare rocks in high, exposed latitudes, lays a single egg so elongated and curiously shaped that when stirred by a violent gust of wind or the bird's sudden flight it does not roll away, but simply spins around on its axis. away, but simply spins around on its axis like a top. In the case of plovers, snipes and other birds that key four large eggs, the eggs narrow so rapidly toward the smaller end that four of them in a nest practically form a square, thus enabling the bird to cover them the more effect-

* * * * *
"The demand for plain and beveled edged bent glass is increasing in this country eyery year," said a manufacturer of the material in New York to a writer for The Star recently. "This kind of glass is now made to suit any and every desired curve, and it is largely used not only for show cases, but for forming conservatory roofs, the front and bent windows in carriages, steamboat pilot houses, store and house fronts, in buildings where domes and skylights are needed and for a variety of other ornamental and useful purposes by cabinet and fur-niture makers. It is made in sizes varying from 1x2 feet to 12x15 feet, and even larger, and it costs only about 50 per cent more than the ordinary flat glass. "How is bent g

factory. It is merely curved by us to suit the requirements of the trade or to meet some special order for the material that is not obtainable in the market. The glass, of whatever kind or size it may be, is placed in its finished state upon the top of a massive steel mold having the desired form or curve. The mold, which is mounted on wheels, is then rolled along a track on the floor to the klin. When the glass reaches the kiln it is there subjected to a tempera-ture of 1,800 degrees, and in this intense heat it does not melt, but soon becomes s soft that it sinks by its own weight into the shape of the mold beneath. In its soft and bent condition the glass is left in the kiln to anneal and cool slowly for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. At the expiration of that time the mold is rolled out of the kiln and the glass, if properly curved, is removed from its steel bed. The great heat to which it is subjected does not in the least disturb the polished surface of the glass. But despite the exercise of every precaution a great deal of glass is broken in bending, and these accidents add very

materially to the cost of the article."

* * * * *

Very few people who see the blind beggar who has for a long time stood on Pennsylvania avenue near 9th street know anything of his life, its struggles and disappointments, and the romance ending in a happy marriage. For several years this young man of slight build and delicate features has been a familiar figure on Pennsylvania avenue, where he has displayed a sign teiling of his loss of sight and asking alms of the charitable public. When a youth he was sent to the Tennessee Institute for the Blind, where he spent five years, being graduated as a competent plane tuner. He came to this city to follow plano tuner. He came to this city to follow plano tuner. He came to this city to follow his calling, and found that he was unable to secure a ellentage sufficient to support him. Then he went on the street to beg but I think not, and I know that his revenue for that day was more than 20 cents

tle world of the blind in every community, and this circumstance led this young man into the company of a young woman af-flicted in a similar way. It was the old flicted in a similar way. It was the old story. Even where there is sight, love is proverbially blind. A short courtship led to marriage last November. Few people who missed the blina man from his accustomed place one day last fall knew that the wedding bells of his life were ringing. The next day they saw him beaming in countenance whether the coin dropped into the tin cup beside him or not. He has settled down to a hemonicus described to the coin dropped into the coin cup beside him or not. He has settled down to a hemonicus described to the coin dropped into the coin cup beside him or not. down to a harmonious domestic life, and those who know the young couple declare there never was a happier honeymoon than the one they have enjoyed.

* * * * *
Chauncey Depew will probably feel much at home in the Senate. It has been announced that a seat has already been selected for him and its location has been given, but the important significance of the selection has not been remarked. The greatest delicacy and regard for the fitness of things is always observed in matters pertaining to the arrangements of the Senate. The habits of many dinners cling lovingly about the new senator from New York. If he had been given a remote seat in the Senate chamber, along the outer edge or grouped with the common assem-blage, he would have felt out of place. The seat of honor is always his at table. There is no seat of honor in the Senate—or all are seats of honor-but long-continued cus-tom has its influence upon the mind, and he was given a seat, therefore, just at the right of the presiding officer, where he is sure to feel at home. This delicacy of con-sideration was carried even further. He was surrounded by a group of the most gifted and brilliant talkers in the Senate, among whom he will shine forth as a star of most peculiar brilliancy. Assembled about him will be Foraker, Spooner, Bever-idge and Kean, and the little triangular section at the right of the Vice President will be known as the temple of eloquence. be known as the temple of eloquence. Spooner and Foraker were regarded as the best speakers in the Senate during the last Congress. Beveridge's reputation as an orator is national, and he sailed into the orator is national, and he salled into the Senate on the wings of eloquence, by a quicker flight than Depew. Kean is an elegant, smooth and poetic talker, who charms by the softness of his speech, elevates by his poetic fancy and thrills by an outburst of eloquence at the close. Though he and Beveridge, as well as Depew will Beveridge, as well as Depew, will, he and beveridge, as well as Depew, will, on the assembling of Congress, appear for the first time in the Senate, they will not come as strangers. With such environ-ments Depew's time in the Senate promises

to pass as agreeably as an endless round of dinners all at the speech-making period of the repast. * * * * *

The tired-looking man got on a street car last Monday afternoon when the people were going from the egg rolling at the White House grounds. He got on a Metropolitan car going east. The car was filled with ladies and children who had been to the egg rolling. Not another male passenger was on the car. Every seat was taken. Children of all ages sat and stood on seats. The tired man stood up nearly all the way to his home. Then, according to the conductor, to whom he told his story, he said: "I was reared from childhood to get up in a street car and give my seat to ladies or to old and infirm men. I have done it for years in Washington, but have been tempt ed a thousand times to cease the practice. There is so little appreciation of this courtesy shown on street cars here. But my chief complaint is that ladies will get on cars with their children, some of whom do cars with their children, some of whom do not pay fares, and monopolize every seat, while a tired man has to stand. It is too seldom that I see a lady require her child to stand while the seat is given to a grown person. The youngsters themselves never offer their seats. They frequently take up more than one seat, and grudgingly give an inch to make room for a person to sit down. Ladles who expect men to give them seats should at least teach their children to be courteous to grown people. If the seats should at least teach their children to be courteous to grown people. If the children were out of the cars they would not be sitting, but would be running around playing. They would not feel inconvenience in standing, and the courtly manners which trouble in giving up their seats. I have seen many ladies who would provide seats for gentlemen in the way I mention, and it always gives me pleasure to see them do so. Yet I see many more who do not seem so. Yet I see many more who do not seem to think than any effort is due to find a man a seat."

Pasquotank Perquimans.

He was a little bit of a darkey not much bigger than a lump of coal and not much whiter, and when I called him up to do an errand for me across the street his eyes snapped as if they were electrified.

"What is your name?" I inquired. "Tank, boss," he answered, with a bow

ard a grin.
"That's a queer kind of a name. Your
people aren't temperance folks, are they?"
"'Deed, boss, I dunno. Dey calls me
Tank, but my name's Pasquotank Perquimans.

"Oh," I laughed, "that's name enough for wo kids like you are. Where do you com

"I'se f'um Norf Ca'liny, boss." "What are you doing so far from home?"
"Doin' de best I kin, boss."
"How much have you made today?"

How much have you made today?"
He stopped a moment to study.
"When I gits de 10 cents you's gwineter
gib me." he said with a shrewd little smile
—I had not agreed upon a price at all—"an'
I gits 10 cents mo', f'um de nex' gem'man,
it'll make 20 cents, boss."

"Is that all? You can't live on 20 cents a
day, can you?"

A shadow, if a shadow could show there, came into the little black face, and with it a hard line as of determination.
"I'se gotter lib, boss," he said. "I cain't die, fer dey ain't nobody but me ter take

keer ob mammy, an' she's mighty po'ly mos' ob de time."

ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED.

"I tell you what," said the man with the eceding chin and the abbreviated forehead on the rear platform of a 14th street car, 'women's dreams are great things, when you come to think of 'em; and when you take their dreams in connection with that funny thing they've got that we call intuition, why, you've got a combination that-

"Well, anyhow, I went out to the races yesterday. Don't know a race horse from a bucket o' whitewash myself, and always lose trying to beat them, but my wife got me started this time by a dream she had night before last. You know how they wake up dreams, never letting you even get in a word edgewise, not even to ask 'em where your clean cuffs are, or anything. Well, my wife had a dream about a chestnut horse. I couldn't make head nor tail of the whole thing—was trying to find where she had put my vest when I had taken it off the night before, anyhow-but it struck me all of sudden that that chestnut horse of hers must ha' been traveling at a mighty rapid clip, from the way she told about his performance. It seems, from her dream, that this chestnut horse and a lot o' other horses started in to see which could run up the side of the Washington monument first, or something like that; anyhow, the chestnut horse won by a block. Now, my wife doesn't know any-thing about races, and she didn't even know that there were any races going on

here. Said I to her:
"Are you dead sure that was a chestnut horse that made all the rest of those horses in your dream look like aluminum dollars?

"She was dead positive about it. "'Well,' said I, 'there's some racing going on out at Benning this week, and I should think that if dreams cut any ice it would be a good proposition for this family to land on a chestnut horse today, if any chestnut horse's going to run.'
"Now, I had a kind o' sneakin' hankerin' to take in one of the day's racing, and I thought this was a pretty crafty way of putting it through. I made it stick, for a

" 'Why, yes, I really believe that would why, yes, I really believe that would be a good plan,' she said, and then she went ahead and told me that dream of hers about the chestnut horse all over again. "Well, on my way down town I bought one of these here sporting papers that publishes the racing entries along with the colors of the horses, and I found that there was only one chestnut horse entered for the running yesterday. That was in the first race, and when I came home at noon for lunch I told my wife about it.

She got off that old one about not approving of betting on principle, but she really thought that her dream was too vivid to be overlooked—that any chestnut horse booked to run was bound to win, she felt "'Just because you had that dream?' I

asked her "'Well, that, and then intuition, too,' she replied.

"So I went out to Benning to play the chestnut horse in the first race. Had heard a good deal about the startling way these dreams of women folks come out once in a while, and I determined to play that chestnut horse, no matter what the price on him was, or whether anybody I met out there thought the horse had a show on earth to win or not. Well, that horse was at 50 to 1 in the betting, and I had was at 50 to 1 in the betting, and I had \$20 along with me. So, you see, if I had put that \$20 down on the 50 to 1 shot that I intended to play, it would have figured

\$1,000 to \$20, and—"
"Did you flunk on playing the chestnut?"
asked one of the listeners.
"Yes," was the reply, "the price scared
me to death. That's the edge those bookmakers have got on you—they put up a big price on a horse that you feel certain is

going to win, and you conclude they ought to know, and you peter out on your deter-mination and finally land on the favorite. That's what I did showed the white feather on that chestnut good dream thing at the last minute, and put my \$20 down on the 2 to 1 favorite. Queer, isn't it, what—"
"And the chestnut horse, your wife's 50
to 1 shot, won in a common walk, of course?" asked one of the listeners.

course?" asked one of the listeners.

"Not on your life," answered the man with the receding chin. "The favorite, the horse that I put my \$20 down on, buckjumped in and won by two Philadelphia blocks, and that chestnut pipe dream was running yet when I collected my \$60 and came home in a calash. I tell you what, women's dreams, and their intuition, are great things when you come to think of great things when you come to think of them, but—"

A BUDDING GENIUS.

This Young Man Was Able to Rise to Every Emergency. "Speaking of budding geniuses," remark-

ed the editor of a New York periodical of the illustrated variety, "I have one in my employ as a typewriter and office factorum who will some day be really great. I can't say whether he will attain greatness as a statesman, or a burglar, or a filibuster, or an anarchist, but he'll get there somehow. and in order that you may keep tab on him I will say that his name is Hiromis-Hiromis Henry Lee. How he got Hiromis I do not know, but I suspect that he did it as he does other things. He is about seventeen years old, and is smart enough to have graduated at a pretty fair sort of a college. As a sample of the kind of genius he is, let me cite an instance or two of his methods.
"Not long ago, in looking over his copy

"Not long ago, in looking over his copy of a letter I had dictated, I found that he had written 'yeaterday' for 'yesterday,' an easy mistake to make, seeing that the 'a' and 's' are side by side on the keyboard. I called his attention to it and suggested that he had better learn how to spell. "There's nothing much the matter with that,' said he glancing over it indifferently." he, glancing over it indifferently. 'No?' said I, with some sarcasm. 'No,' said he, 'Yea means the same thing as yes, doesn't it?' I had to admit that it did, though I him write it over again. Another time I had occasion to use the Latin word for man servant. I knew that 'ancilla' was the word for maid servant, but I had lost the word for maid servant, but I had lost the masculine. I appealed to Hiromis. 'Ancilla,' said I, 'being the Latin for maid servant, what would the word for man servant be, do you think?' You see, I wanted to approach him gradually, for I felt the need of impressing him. 'Um,' said he, scratching his head, 'did you say ancilla was the word for maid servant?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'if ancilla'—putting the accent on the 'an'—'is the word for the accent on the 'an'—'is the word for maid servant, I should say that Johncilla or Jimcilia, or perhaps Dickcilia, ought to be the word for man servant. He never smiled, and I didn't, but I sent him out smiled, and I after a lexicon.

more and I am done. I had been trying to get photographs of odd things, kind of a freak show exhibit, you know, and Hiromis was much interested, as he had two or three cousins who were amateur cameraists. At various times they sent in by him a basketful of photographs, but by him a basketful of photographs, but they were not to the point at all, and when I turned down the last batch that he pre-sented I told him to get odd things, some-thing, for instance, with two heads to it. 'Can you tell me just what?' he asked. 'No,' said I, desperately; 'get a photograph of any two-headed thing you can find and I'll pay 50 cents extra for it.' Hiromis smiled softly and went away. It was Sat-I'll pay 50 cents extra for it.' Hiromis smiled softly and went away. It was Saturday, and Monday morning he came in to my desk, still smiling, and laid a photograph down before me. I looked at it a second and looked at Hiromis. Then I handed him 50 cents. He had brought me in a photograph of a barrel."

Influenza From Cats From the London Daily Mail.

A warning is issued by Mr. W. J. Arkcoll, a London veterinary surgeon, to families in which cats are kept, against allowing them to be in the house while suffering from a mere cold.

"I have recently discovered," he writes, That in many parts of the west and northwest of London a number of the feline race have been stricken with influenza, and of a most dangerous form. As the epidemic may be contracted from pets, it behooves ladies and gentlemen not to handle or found afflicted animals. nancie or fondie afflicted animals.

"I would particularly forewarn them not to allow children to play with or go near to a cat or dog which appears to have only contracted a slight cold."

The wife of a gentleman's coachman at Geisdorf has just been blessed with twin boys, being the seventh and eighth sons. The Emperor William was asked to stand as god father, and he has consented, sending the parents a handsome sum of money and the permission for the newcomers to be christened William the First and William the Second. These names are also to be registered in the church.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE HIS REVENGE WAS SWEET TOO MUCH GOOD LUCK

"Quite a stretch of pears ago," said a well-known police officer from St. Louis, who was in Wasmington last week, "I was soldiering with an infantry outfit of the regular army down in the southwest. One of my bunkles-Lil call him Joe Gorman, which isn't so far from his right namehad been a mate of mine when we were both kids down of the St. Louis levees, although we hadn't mets until we ran into each other in the army. Gorman was in the doughboy outfit a couple of years ahead of me, and he had the corporal's chevrons when I got there he was a good man and in the morning and tell you all about their a good soldier, but somehow he had incurred the enmity of one of the officers of our company, a second lieutenant, who had got his shoulder straps via the 'mustang' route—that is, by promotion from the ranks. We'll just call this second lieutenant Reed, which is close enough to his right name, too. This Reed, you may suppose, was a crackerjack soldier, too; dubs don't pass the examination for promotion from pass the examination for promotion from the ranks in the American army, you'll re-member. He was a pretty nice officer to the ranks in the American army, you'll remember. He was a pretty nice officer to the men, besides—to all of them, that is to say, except Joe Gorman. He surely did have it in bad for Gorman. I never knew why, and I don't know yet. But the way Reed rubbed it in on Gorman was a caution to snakes. He had Gorman 'broke' to the ranks soon after I joined the outfit for some trivial cause connected with guard duty. Gorman didn't say much, but the line of thinks he must have entertained with regard to the second lleutenant occasionally shone out in the blaze of his eyes when they lit upon the figure of the young 'mustang' officer. Two months after he 'busted' him, this second lieutenant got Gorman into the clink on the charge of neglect of duty while on post as a sentinel. Joe narrowly essaned neglect of duty while on post as a sentinel. Joe narrowly escaped a general court-martial on that charge, which was unquestionatial on that charge, which was unquestionably trumped up, and the summary court gave him thirty days, with labor in the mill. So Joe had to follow around the slop cart every morning, a sentry with a loaded rifle behind him, and flush the sewers of the post, and saw and split wood, and dig gravel, and whitewash the sheds, and in general work out his unjust sentence from fatigue call in the gray dawn of the day until late in the afternoon when recall went. He set his jaw pretty hard, and took the game as it happened along. When he got out and resumed duty he told me that there was murder in his heart for that second lieutenant.

"'I'll get hunk with him,' he told me, with savage quietude, 'if it takes me twenty-years to do it. I'll play evens with that one, all right.'

"Ten days later Gomeon was in the second in the second in the common was in the second in the content of the con

one, all right."
"Ten days later Gorman was in the guard house again, awaiting trial by general court-martial. Reed, the second lieutenant, had got Joe into the orderly room on some

pretext or other and grossly insulted him, and Gorman, unable to hold himself in any and Gorman, unable to hold himself in any longer, had opened up on the 'mustang' officer, and would have struck his tor-mentor had not the first sergeant of the company leaped behind him and pinioned "Gorman got six months' hard labor at

the hands of the general court-martial, and a 'bobtail' besides—that is, a dishonorable discharge from the service—for it is a pretthing for a man even to be cused of attempting to strike a commissioned officer

"Now, here was a case of a good soldier who got the worst of it at the hands of an officer—a thing that doesn't often happen in our service, where justice is the rule, but which happens once in a while, at that. Joe Gorman was escorted to the gate of that remote southwestern post by a file of the guard. I gave him's bum suit of civil-ian's clothes that I had in my box, and we chipped in and handed him \$10 to start life We'd have given him more, but it was between pay days!

"T'll get square with that geezer,' were the last words Gorman said to me before he was drummed out. Three months later I got a letter from him, dated St. Louis. He announced that he had got on the St. Louis police force

"Not long after that this second lieutenant. Reed, began to go to pieces. He started in to jag up, once in a while at first, but, later on, quite frequently. A man can't carry the habits he has picked up in the ranks into the officers' line. Reed got himself disciplined several times by 'the beak,' otherwise the commanding officer, and he came near to his finish, about a year after Gorman was 'bobtafied,' for showing up palpably drurk one day when it was his turn for an officer of the day tour. The commanding officer smothered that, however, and gave Reed another chance, along with a final wigging.

"Two months later, Reed went up to the "Not long after that this second lieuten-

Two months later, Reed went up to the "Two months later, Reed went up to the town, forty miles distant from the post, got loaded up for snowbirds, and did all sorts of things, including the duplication of his pay accounts. He got back to the post four days overdue, and still drunk, and was put under arrest in quarters. Then his duplidays overdue, and still drunk, and was put under arrest in quarters. Then his duplication of his pay accounts became known to the commanding officer, and Reed found himself on deck for a general court-martial. Having got in from the ranks, he didn't have any friends to intercede for him at Washington, so the court-martial promptly cashiered him from the service in disgrace. I wrote and told Gorman about this, and got a telegram in reply, consisting of one word, besides the signature: nature

"I served out my enlistment and went back home to St. Louis, where Joe Gorman put me next to the way to get on the police force, and I got on. That's part I of the

yarn "One afternoon last April Joe Gorman was patrolling his beat when he happened up against a drunk. The drunk was a fine-looking man, shabbily dressed. He had a book under his arm. He was a agent. He was ex-Lieutenant Reed, and Gorman recognized him. "Gorman took him to his own home, and

sobered him up. He got Reed into shape. Why he did it I don't know. I asked him how it was that he was caring for his old enemy that way—asked him a number of times—but he never answered me. I don't understand it yet. Joe put some clothes on Reed's back, and got Reed to looking on Reed's Dack, and got Reed to looking fine, strong and clear-eyed. Then Joe did some politics for Reed, and got the latter a job in the St. Louis tax office as a clerk. Reed remained sober, and got along famously. He and Gorman were always seen together when both were off duty at the same time. the same time.

"They both got the hankering for soldier-ing when the war was well under way. That hankering is liable to hit a man through life who's ever worn a uniform on land or sea. Reed and Gorman, from talk-ing about it, became possessed of the craze to go to the Philippines, and they cast around for a tip on an outfit that was booked to go down there. They got the tip, and they both threw up their jobs and joined the 20th Kansas as buck privates, Gorman under his right name and Reed under an assumed name—for a man who is known to be a cashiered officer can't get

known to be a cashiered officer can't get into the service even as an enlisted man, although that thing has happened a number of times when fictitious names have been given. That's the wind-up of part II, and it's all on the dead level at that.

"Well, I got hold of an afternoon paper on the cars the other day, and read an account of the fighting before Malolos, Aguinaldo's capital. In the list of the wounded among the men of the 20th Kansas, Reed's fictitious name headed the list, with 'slightly' after it. Further down was Gorman's real name, with the word 'severely' after it. If Gorman cashes in on account of his wound, I'll bet he gets a white mark for not 'bearing malice."

The Problem.



"I had an experience at poker more than a quarter of a century ago that gave me a more or less sore feeling on that game for good and all," said an official connected with the geological survey. "It happened at Abilene, Kan., when the railroad was being pushed by that tough place. I was a young attache of the surveying corps, and I took it into my head one night, against the advice of the older men, to mingle it the joyous life of Abilene for a few hours. Dodge City was bad enough then, but it was a camp meeting compared with Abilene. I've seen a good many towns of bad men since then, but none of them ever classed for a minute with Abilene. wouldn't want any part of it, even for a night, now that I'm older and in a fair way to pick up some sense after awhile, but this night I just wanted to mix with hard propositions with guns strapped to their waists, and I did. They didn't seem to me to be bad at all, and they took me in hand and treated me right—if making me drink a whole lot more sage-brush whisky than I was used to was treating me right. Around about midnight I got into poker game with four heavy-artilleried chaps at Toole Kingsley's famous 'Kansas or Bust' saloon and faro bank. One of my tablemates—but I didn't find this out until later—was one of the really famous bad men of the Indian territory, 'Bud' Kimball, who was lynched a few years later for the murder of a sheriff in southern Arkansas. "I had no right playing cards with that bunch in the first place, but as long as I was in it I sure enough had no right to win. But I did win from the jump. My luck in drawing was something startling, and within an hour after the start I had all four of the men I was playing with reall four of the men I was playing with re-garding me suspiciously. I didn't blame them, considering the miraculous luck I had. It made no difference which of us dealt, I got the top hand almost every

fellows, I dealt myself hands that posi-tively smelt of brimstone, and this didn't soften the glances that they all gave me Every time I showed up one of these mi-raculous self-dealt hands and scooped in a raculous self-dealt hands and scooped in a pot I felt a certain fear grow up within me. I didn't get a thing when the luck switched that way on their deals, and so I got to dropping my hands and waiting until I dealt 'em myself, to see if the luck was going to stay that way. It did, and I felt that I'd rather be somewhere else. Finally it was up to me to deal a jackpot. The man to my left cracked it open and it was raised all around until it got up to me. was raised all around until it got up to me. I had four eights, and I raised it the limit to draw cards. I was shaky over it, but I felt conscious of my own innocence of crooked playing, and I intended to play the string out, anyhow. They looked at me pretty hard when I raised it the limit before the draw, and maybe there was some knee rubbing. They all put their chips in the center, however, and when it got around to 'Bud' Kimbali he slammed his bundle of greenbacks—he was shy of chips and refused to buy more—into the pile

time. Pat hands were given to me almost

as often as pairs were served out to the other fellows. After a while the luck took another switch. While I seemed to get

nothing at all on the deals of the othe

"'Podner,' said he, looking at me hard with his little red eyes, 'some o' your work here tonight has been so cut-an'-dried lookin' as to excite a hull lot o' doubt about your bein' on the lavel; an' if you happen t' have anythin' in that fist o' your'n this time that'll top these three aces of mine, then, by h-l, you havin' dealt this mess yourself, there won't be no manner o' question about your bein' a proper crook.' There were a few little flowers of speech There were a few little flowers of speech in that address, too, that I haven't elab crated.

with an oath.

"Was I scared? Well, the cards just fel out of my hand, face up, on the table, I was so scared. I was so paralyzed with fear that I simply couldn't move or say a word, and, what's more, I'm not a particle ashamed to own up to it. When the cards fell out of my hand, Kimball reached over and spread them out with his left hand. "'Well, by h-l, you are a crook, aren't you?' he snapped when he saw the value of the hand that beat his own good one, and as he spoke he whipped out the big gun at the right side of his belt. I was blind with terror, and when I heard a loud

report I gave it all up and figured out that I was already about three-quarters of the way over the big divide.

"When I opened my eyes a second later I saw Kimball staring at the door, his right arm hanging limp at his side. His gun had fallen on the table without being discharged, and his left arm was in the were the arms of the other thre men, and they also had their eyes glued on the door. I wheeled around to look that way myself. Standing quietly under the lintel of the door, with his two guns covering the five of us, was a tall, broad-shouldered, very muscular-looking man with long black hair and a heavy black mustache. The man was Wild Bill, Abi-lene's celebrated marshal. I had seen him eyeing me earlier in the evening when got mixed up at the bar with the fellow who had invited me into the poker game. I didn't know he was the marshal then, and I wondered why he was taking me in so sharply. I know now that he saw I was a tenderfoot jay of a boy, who would probably get into trouble later on in the evening. The shot I had heard when I The shot I had heard when gave the whole thing up was from one of Wild Bill's guns. It had pinked Kimball in the right shoulder just in the nick of time, causing the gun with which the desperade was going to shoot me to fall from his

"'Slope for your camp, son," said Wild Slope for your camp, son, said who men. Well, for all I know, he might be covering them yet. I do know, though, that I was out of that room like a cat out of a bag, and the way I cut for the survey or a bag, and the way I cut for the sarvey-ors' camp over the newly laid ties, eight miles away, was surely a wonder to man and beast. It was while I was making this little Journey, hitting a high place once in a while, that I came to the determination that for a man who could not fight shy bull-headed luck any better than I could the game of draw poker was altogether too exciting and spirit-ruffling for health and peace of mind, and I haven't departed from that determination down to the present moment of time."

A Steamship Brake. From the Philadelphia Times.

Collisions at sea, from the awful catas trophe of H. M. S. Victoria downward might have been averted and valuable lives saved, says a Croatian engineer named Czevetkovitch, if the colliding steamers had been fitted with his patent marine brake.

The idea of the thing is simplicity itself. The brake consists of a large curved plate of steel attached to the stern of the teamer, which can be lowered at will into the water. The screw of a steamship, it should be explained, when working ahead, causes a stream of water of terrific force to flow back in the direction from which the ship has come, and by lowering the plate of steel into this stream the power is obtained necessary to check the ship's way and bring it to a standstill independ-

ently of the engines.

Since the stream caused by the screw is of greater force when the ship is steaming fast, the brake would work equally well whether the speed were twenty knots or ten knots.

The Clotilde, a steamer of 1,000 tons, when steaming at a speed of ten knots, was brought to an absolute standstill within thirty seconds, during which she trav-eled so slowly that only twenty feet were traversed after the brake was applied. This result was obtained in spite of the fact that the engines were working full speed ahead the whole time.

Proud to Know Him. From the Atlanta Constitution

"The other night," said the fat boarder "I slept in a room with a generous gentle man. I snore horribly-in fact, I'm a snorer from way back. We retired. In the morning when we arose this gentleman hande me a silver half dollar "'What's that for?' said I.
"'Oh, take it,' he replied. 'You have wo

"'Oh, take it,' he replied. 'You have won it. You deserve it.'
"'But what for?' said I.
"'Oh, take the money and go and buy yourself several first-class drinks. I like you. You are the best one I ever saw. You are the only man I ever saw who could snore louder than I can holler.'"

A Reminder. From the Boston Transcript.

Barnes-"You keep that parrot to remind you of your poor husband? Why, I never that Shedd was particularly

green."
The Widow Shedd—"No; but you hear some of Polly's conversation. awful, but then it is so like Tom."

PHILANDER JOHNSON.

The Sole Dissenter.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" cries the song-bird As he sways on the limber limb. He seems to feel

As his blythe notes peal That the world was made for him. "Cheer up" sounds soft in the breezes. "Cheer up!" is the line that's writ O'er the open book

Of the field or brook Where the sunbeams fade and flit.

But man, superior mammal, For the warning is disinclined. He'll cherish his woe If but to show

That matter is less than mind. "Cheer up!" says each jovial eche That speaks from the sun-lit hill.

"Cheer up!" says the earth In its vernal mirth. Says man, "I'm hanged if I will."

Her Influence in Affairs.

Mr. Corntossel was standing at the window of the hotel, looking into the street. His hands were behind his coat tails and he balanced himself on his heels, as is the habit of men when they are in deep thought. He had felt the glory of being a member of the legislature, and ambition was not satisfied.

"Mandy," said he, "does it kind o' cause you a pang o' regret to give up all this social prominence an' go back home to be plain folks?"

"Nary pang," she answered, without looking up from the trunk she was packing. "I'm that well satisfied I'm goin' on ahead and let you take your time about followin'." "I'm afraid the farm'll seem kind o

slow," he answered. "I guess the trees are budding an' the

grass is growin' as usual. The wood'll want choppin' an' the grass'll want cuttin', the same as formerly. An' there's nothin to prevent your hurryin' all you feel like when it's bein' tended to. 'Tain't necessarily so slow." "Mandy, a feller was tellin' me yester-

"Josiar, by the way you're actin' I'm tempted to believe you've been listenin' to

stories ag'in!" The feller that's runnin' fur senator, he's took a great fancy to me. I never see a man take such a fancy to anybody. I know women haven't got much head fur business, but I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. You know there's a mortgage on the farm, an' he asked me if I'd let 'lm pay it off."

"What are you goin' to do fur your side o' the bargain?"
"Oh, nothin' special. Only if it come to a close decision I couldn't refuse to vote fur

a man who'd took such a fancy to me."
"Josiar," she exclaimed, "I've changed
my mind about goin' home alone. I'll stay right here till you come with me, an' that'll be jes' as quick as the gover'ment'll per-mit. Mebbe I don't know much about business; but I can tell you this much: Gettin' the mortgage off'n the farm won't be the end of it. You'll simply take it off the real end of it. You'll simply take it off the real estate an' put it onto yourself, that's what you'll do. An' you won't dare to say your soul's your own, fust thing you know, an' you'll have to run fur offices, whether you feel like it or not. You leave that mortures. like it or not. You leave the where it ain't doin' any harm in partic'lar,

an' come home with me!"
"All right, Mandy," he replied. "Jes' as While looking for some paper to a parcel a circular met eye. It was an invitation to attend a meet-ing of the Band of Freedom for Feminine Ballots. She looked it over and threw it aside, with the remark:

"It allus did beat me that so many wonent thought it was necessary to neglect house-cleanin' an' go trudgin' around them votin' places in order to have a say about runnin' the country."

Loyalty.

I never could do much at school, My time I'd mostly pass In loiterin' at the mill-pond or The bottom of the class. The folks 'ud often scold me

Fur bein' downright slow: But mother said I'd be all right If I could git a show. I hired out to a feller,

But he was bound to keep His shop wide open even when I felt inclined to sleep. We parted. There was trouble About my leavin' so, But mother said I'd be all right

If I could git a show.

- I got confused jes' lately On the possessive case, The judge he said 'twas stealin' An' the lockup was my place. The fam'ly mos'ly cuts me When visitin' they go, But mother says I'd be all right

If I could git a show.

Couldn't Understand It. The Filipino warrior had resisted capture strenuously, but he was finally taken into camp. His terror was pitiable as his eyes roved about the place in quest of the instruments of torture or the headsman's outfit. But it was not long before he adapt

who had been prisoners longer, and who were consequently fatter, he became philosophic and cheerful. "What do you think of the prospect of civilizing these islands?" inquired one of

ed himself to his new surroundings. After

interviewing some of the other Filipinos

"You mean with local talent?" inquired the warrior.

his captors.

"Yes. We propose to make you peop's like ourselves, if you will hold still long "It's no use," was the melancholy answer. "You might as well give it up. I am more convinced than ever that our peo-

ple will never be able to adapt themselves to your peculiar customs."

"Oh, of course, you have some weird rites and quaint ceremonies and that sort of thing that you will want to cling to for awhile. It won't be necessary to interfere with them for a long time." with them for a long time."
"The rites and ceremonies may be easily managed, but there are other things to

which we can't be reconciled."

"Haven't we treated you well?"

"Yes. That's the very point. Our people will never in the world comprehend a system that compels you to chase an entire stranger over mountains and through swamps in order to feed him and show him a good time." a good time."

His Sadness. It was the next morning.

He is a man of abstemious appetite, but intemperate ideas. He acted nervous and looked woe-begone.
"Trouble?" asked the laconic friend.

"Lots." "Out late?" "Last night." "Social affair?"
"Political banq "Over-ate?"
"No."
"Over-drank?"
"No, worse. Read this morning's paper?"

rushed up to the hotel news stand and exclaimed: "Give me copies of all the morning papers I want to read about it." "Yes, sir. All of them have full accounts of the election." "I don't care about the election. I want to read about the wedding." "Was there a wedding yesterday?" asked the boy in charge, who has freckles and a turn-up nose, and didn't appear to care whether he lost his place or not. "Of course there was."

"Not yet."
"Well, get it, and feel sorry for me. It's
my old falling—I over-talked."

Unimportance.

A young man with a monster bouquet of

violets on the lapel of his light overcoat

"Certainly. I was there."
"Was it a fine wedding?" asked the boy
who had freckles and a turn-up nose, and



held his situation or not.
"How do I know? That's what I want to read about

"But you were there."
"Yes. But I don't know who else was,

"Couldn't you ask questions?"

"No. Everybody was too busy to pay any attention to me. I tried to elbow my way into the occasion once or twice, but it wasn't any use. "All that was expected of me was to stand around and do what I was told and not seach till I was redeen to I told and not speak till I was spoken to. I wasn't anybody of any consequence at all. I was merely the bridegroom."

A Crow Winter Resort.

From the Chicago Tribune, Southwest Missouri and southeast Kansas is the most popular winter crow resort in the world, according to the residents of that part of the country. What becomes of the greedy birds in the summer no one

If all the crows that winter in that part of the country were to stay here during the planting season they would devour every tender shoot of corn as fast as it strouted.

The biggest crow roost in the United States was near Bois d'Arc, Mo., this win-ter. It was like a pigeon roost, in the respect that the weight of the crows broke the timber over acres of woodland. Mil-liens of the birds gathered there every

During one of the heavy storms this winburing one of the heavy storms this win-ter some stock shippers had a singular ex-perience with the crows at Ash Grove, Mo. The trains were delayed on account of the srow, and a lot of hogs could not be ship-ped for several days. The crows were starying, for the snow and sleet prevented them from getting their usual food. They attacked the hogs, lighting on the backs of the fat animals and pecking holes in the bodies of the helpless porkers. The owner of the hogs bought a lot of ammunition and employed all the boys he could secure to shoot the crows.

But for the work of the gunners many of

the hogs would have been devoured on their A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are suc-ceeded by new ones every day. At this rate we get an entirely new brain every











"Disintegrated."-Separated into integrant parts without chemical action.